

without disturbance, on the beauties of a summer's eve.

Pleas'd with the serenity and fineness of the surrounding landscape, lost in admiring the pomp and grandeur of the setting sun, and unconscious of the speedy flight of time, *Theron* stroll'd along the verdant meads till he came to a grove of trees, at the extremity of which, and on the brink of a murmuring stream, was erected a monument to the memory of *Eliza Musgrove*, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, the only daughter of Sir Wm. Musgrove, lord of the manor, who died in the 17th year of her age \*, of a cold she caught in a party of pleasure on the water in the month of June.

Here the young Squire sat down at the foot of an aged oak; after surveying with attention the several inscriptions on the monument, and taking out of his pocket a book of poems which he usually carried about with him as a pocket companion in his rural walks, read the following epitaph on a lady written by her lover a few hours before she died.

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\* She was a beautiful young lady, and one whom *Theron* once loved and admired, and, had she lived, would have been proposed by his father, as a suitable wife for him.

Sing.

Sing, plaintive muse! in sympathetic strains,  
And pour your wailings into Pity's ears,  
*Maria's* gone! alas, what now remains,  
But heart-felt grief, and ever-streaming  
tears.

Think of her fate! revere th' almighty hand,  
That snatcht her hence, tho' soon, by  
steps so slow;

Long at her couch, Death took his silent  
stand,

And threaten'd oft, and oft withheld the  
blow.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend

To you so long a span? alas! ye sigh:

Make then, while yet ye may, your God,  
your friend,

And learn with equal ease to *sleep* or *die*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here *Theron* stopt, and again looked  
with pity and concern on *Eliza's* monument,  
for some minutes he was lost in thought,  
at length he uttered in a sympathetic tone,  
the ensuing soliloquy.

"Poor *Maria*, where are thou now? and  
thou, once fair and beautiful *Eliza*, what's  
become of thee? I knew thy virtues, and  
shall hold thy memory ever dear.—What  
is youth, with all the charms of beauty and  
the gifts of fortune, if thus dissolved at once  
and